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Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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Tracts for the People.

"*Salus populi suprema lex esto;*"
(that is,)
"*Let the* SALVATION *of the people be our highest principle.*"

A TALE OF SUNDAY.

"*The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.*"
ST. MARK, ii. 27.

How beautifully do these words of our blessed Saviour present to us the "Lord's day," as an institution for man's benefit; not as a hard law to which man must bend; as a day of rest, not one of weariness; as a cheerful day, not a gloomy one! It seems indeed to show forth the goodness and the power of God united in one purpose, as much as does the appointment of sun, and moon, and stars, to direct and form times and seasons. For wherever the knowledge of the true God has been received, whether among Jews or Gentiles, in the old or in the new law, the seventh day seems as naturally to bring with it a period of rest, as the appearance of the stars gives hours of repose, or the change of position of the earth and sun restores summer or spring. That seventh day differs not in the calendar from the day which goes before it, or which comes after it, otherwise than any other day of the week may differ from that next to it; and yet every one feels that it is different from the rest. It seems as if the period of a week was exactly suited to our constitutions, and to man's nature. What would he do without his Sunday? Work, work, work every day of the month, and of the year! a life without a holiday, without a day of repose! No, surely we should break down before long, and get tired of life, or we should be taking our day of rest just when it suited each of our fancies, one one day, another another, to the great inconvenience of all. But by having a stated period, a fixed day, coming at short intervals, when all rest together, we gain order and regularity in what is quite necessary for us, just as we do by all sleeping at night, and labouring by day. Even the very beasts of the field, that toil for man, seem to know the day, and to expect its rest. Truly, then, the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: that is, violence is not to be done to man's nature, and his real good is not to be sacrificed in the observance of the day. If he toils hard six days, it is a bad way of honouring the seventh, to toil harder still on it; it is a bad compliment to "the day of rest," for *sabbath* means this, to turn it into a day of fatigue of mind, into a heavy, dull, dreary day. Yet in modern times this has been the case.

Formerly Sunday was a cheerful, happy day; every one went to church when the church was Catholic, in the morning and evening, and spent the leisure hours in rustic exercises, and sturdy games, and pleasant talk, or in walking out in the green lanes and fields in summer, or reading or conversing merrily by the fire in winter. But, then, there came what is called the Reformation, and a pretty reformation it made of poor Sunday! It turned it into the hardest and dullest day of all the seven: it took away all that used to draw men pleasantly to church, and make them fond of public worship; it divided the people into sects or various religions, and so made them more churlish and ill-tempered with one another on that day than any other, because on it they felt their differences more; it forbade all innocent pastimes and good-natured sport, and sent people gloomy to bed, unrefreshed by cheerful talk, or else drove them first, in sheer desperation, to the ale-house or beer-shop, to get stupified and dull, or quarrelsome and brawling. O for the good old Catholic Sundays again, the blithe, joyful, happy Sundays! O for the holidays of old England, merry England, once more! Shall we not try to get them back? Yes, to be sure we will: for the country never will be happy till they return. But it must be Catholic England before they come back. However, I am telling you I fear straightforward, what I intended to tell you by a Sunday tale.

The doctrine about keeping Sunday (or, as those who spoil it would call it, *the sabbath*) gloomily and austerely came from the disciples of Calvin, whose chief seat was Switzerland. There some of the reformers learnt it, and brought it into England and Scotland; and it soon acted in both, but more in the latter, like a poisonous breeze passing over fertile fields; for it blighted the good-humour and natural gaiety of the people, and soured their tempers most frightfully. It never did any one good. On the contrary, there never were stricter sabbath-keepers than the brutal soldiers of Cromwell, who butchered the poor Irish, or English either, and then sat down to sing psalms. Well, it is in this country of Switzerland that the scene of my tale is laid. The country is divided into several states or *cantons*, some Catholic, some Protestant. These are often next to one another, as in the case with Lucerne and Berne. The first of these is Catholic, and the second Protestant. At the time when we suppose our story to have occurred, each was strict in its religious principles and observances; the Protestant religion in that country had not come down, as it since has, into mere infidelity, but the severe principles of Calvinism were strictly in force.

Just at the confines of the two, in one place, were two villages, one on either side. The boundary line ran along the side of a hill, or rather mountain, the Lucerne, or Catholic territory occupying the higher or upper side. Upon this was situated the little village of Lichten, and a bright, cheery little place it was, looking straight up into the face of heaven, without any thing above it, while its clean and handsome church stood the highest of all, and its tall wooden spire shot clear up into the sky, and could be seen by all the country round for miles. And when they set the bell a-ringing in its little turret, though it was not large, it sent such a free and jovial peal across the valleys on every side, and rung so clear and sharp through the pure air, that every one knew it, and people used to say, "there is some good thing or other now going on at Lichten." But that little bell, what sad havoc it used to make on

a Sunday morning with the good people of Dunkel, a village deep in the valley below, on the Protestant side of the frontier. It was surrounded by a pine wood, and looked very dismal from the sunny, laughing heights of Lichten. Its inhabitants were very strict in their religious observances; most particularly so in their keeping of the sabbath. They allowed no noise whatever to be made on it; but that piercing, noisy little bell of Lichten, which began early in the morning, and continued to ring at intervals through the day, could not be kept out. The inhabitants hated it, and the church it swung upon, and the people who rung it, and all who obeyed it. Hence, never was an inhabitant of one village known to visit the other; there was no intercourse between them. The good curate of Lichten used to tell his people to have nothing to say to their neighbours, beyond what kindness and civility might require, lest they might hear, and become corrupted by pernicious doctrines, but exhorted all to pray for them, that they might be brought to the truth; the minister of Dunkel was constantly preaching against the superstitions of popery, described the horrible and ridiculous practices which he said were performed in its churches, and bade his people fly from all intercourse with the idolators (as he called them) lest they should become partakers in their plagues.

One of the richest men in the village of Dunkel was Gottlob Stein, like all the other inhabitants of the district, and his father before him, a possessor and cultivator of land. He had been left a widower with two sons: the eldest had received the name of John, out of veneration for Calvin, of whom Gottlob was a great admirer, and was generally called by the familiar German form of that name, Hans, by which we likewise will call him. He was, at the time of which we write, about fifteen years old, but had a spirit and activity fit for a youth at least three years older. He could run against any boy of his age or size; he joined in the chace of the chamois or wild goat, bounding after it from crag to crag as nimbly as it, and bringing it down with infallible aim. He loved to roam over the fields, and would sing as blithely as the lark in the sky. He was quite the little hero of Dunkel, loved by every one; for he was a fine tempered, gay, and kind-hearted boy, with a cheerful open look and bright eyes. But no one loved him like his little brother, five years younger than he, a sweet gentle child, of weak frame and delicate health, who seldom left the house, unless Hans on a fine day led him, or rather carried him, to some green spot, where he would weave garlands of meadow-flowers, while Hans sung for him, or frolicked about him: for if with men he seemed a man, with little Wilhelm he was a very child. And it was well for Hans that he had a brother at home to love; for his father was a severe stern man; a religionist of a dark school; just in his dealings, but not often merciful; respected consequently, but not much loved. He ruled his little household with austere rule; only upon his younger child was he seen to smile, or heard to lavish soft words. The principal visitor and only guest at his house was the clergyman, or as he was called, Pastor Grabstimme, a young man, tall and gaunt, with pale face and hard features, eloquent and fluent in words, which were generally employed upon gloomy and fearful themes.

It is customary in Switzerland, when the snow melts, to send the cattle to the hills, and lower mountains; and wooden huts called *chalis* are erected for their accommodation, in the various pasture-grounds. The fine weather was now come, and Gottlob and the pastor, who never liked Hans much, agreed that he was now old enough to look after the cattle at pasture, and announced to him, that after next sabbath he must be prepared to undertake this duty. How delighted was the poor boy at the news! Now he should be at liberty to stroll about the fields, and sing at pleasure without any one to chide him and chill him at every turn. And when the day came, right merrily did he run, frisking and gamboling up the mountain's side, to his father's pasture-ground. This went up just to the boundary of the canton, touching on that belonging to the village of Lichten. But after he had amused himself for some time, he began to think that it would be rather lonely to stay there all day, and the next, without some playmate or companion. While thus engaged in thought, he heard a clear, but soft and gentle voice singing at a little distance. He listened, and the words sounded more like a hymn, than like his own wild mountain or patriotic songs. He looked, and he saw that the strain proceeded from a boy of apparently his own age, from the village of Lichten, who sat on a mossy piece of rock, with a book on his knees, from which he looked up as he sang. Nothing could be gentler and milder than his countenance, it was truly angelic, and seemed to harmonize with the mellow sweetness of his notes.

Hans, in a moment, made up his mind that he must have him for his friend—he loved him at once. The very contrast of their natures and characters made him love him. He soon made up to him, and in his frank, good-natured way addressed him; and the other smiling most kindly, replied. Neither seemed ever to think that the other came from the rival village; the generosity of the one, and the gentleness of the other came at once to the same conclusion. They were friends in a moment, and before an hour was over each knew the other's name and history. Hans thus learnt that Fritz (that is, Fredrick) Herzchen was the younger son of a comfortable inhabitant of Lichten, and that he would be every day during the summer tending his father's flock. This was delightful news. And in truth every day their affection increased; Hans loved Fritz because he was so mild, and he loved Hans because he was such a fine generous fellow.

The week went on most pleasantly; but at its close there seemed to be a change in both. "Why," asked Fritz on Saturday afternoon, with good-natured anxiety, "why, my dear Hans, are you not to-day in your usual good spirits?" "Because," he replied, "to-morrow is the sabbath-day. And you, how comes it, tell me, that you are so much gayer than usual to-day?" "For the same reason, " answered Fritz, "because to-morrow is Sunday. Do you not love the Sunday?" "I— I— dread it;" was the reply. The other opened wide his eyes, and seemed to ask what he could mean. "To-morrow," continued Hans, "I shall not be allowed to look upon the green fields and craggy mountains which I love so much, or to hear the birds sing, or to bask in the sun, or be fanned by the breeze." "No!" Fritz interrupted him, "but will you not see something better and more lovely—the rich and holy altar, with the smiling image of God's mother over it? will you not yourself sing 'Glory' with the angels? will not the lights of the sanctuary and its fragrant incense make up for sun and breeze?" It was now Hans's turn to look amazed. "Fritz!" he exclaimed, "I do not understand what you are talking about. What have these things to do with the sabbath? with four sermons from Dr. Grabstimme, and two lectures at home, besides prayer? Wo to me to-morrow if I should so far forget myself as to sing a note; nay, wo to me if I shall unluckily happen to smile. Farewell, Fritz, till Monday morning, if to-morrow does not kill me." "A Sunday without a smile!" thought poor Fritz, "what can he mean? Surely man was not made for such sabbaths as that!"

The next morning came; and it had scarcely dawned before Hans was aroused from deep sleep, and a pleasant dream about

his new friend, by the severe voice of his father, who standing by his bed was scolding him for not being already up. "And now Hans," he continued, "as you have begun the Lord's day by indolence and gross neglect, let me warn you how you continue it. For this last week I have observed each evening when you returned home, an increased levity and thoughtlessness, arising from I know not what cause. Put them away from you this day of holy rest, and beware how you profane its sacredness by light conversation, unseemly gaiety, or vain laughter. Let me this day, under pain of my most serious displeasure, see you exact in every religious duty, and serious and grave as the day requires. Quick, arise, and let us begin our morning worship." The poor boy was in no mood for laughing or being gay, and rose quite in the humour for as melancholy a sabbath as his father could desire. It began with long family prayers and a long lesson; this was immediately followed by a longer sermon at church, on a most gloomy subject. After a silent meal, a second service with another sermon on the horrors of popery. But here Hans began inwardly to rebel. For when he heard all sorts of terrible things about poor Catholics, as their blood-thirstiness and cruelty to Protestants, and their irreligion, he refused to believe what last Sunday he would have borne at least patiently; for now he applied it all not to a certain ideal puppet called "a papist," but to his own dear little friend Fritz, and his own experience gave the lie to sentence after sentence; and at last he began to consider that the whole sermon was a libel on his companion, and a personal insult to himself; and he grew very restless, and began to move impatiently, when a dark glance from his father's eye, and a hard grasp of his hand, effectually quieted him.

It will be seen that he had not had courage to tell his father of his new acquaintance. He well knew it would have been instantly cut short. But Fritz had no secrets for his parents, and had told them all from the beginning. At first they were alarmed; but when they had consulted their good parish priest, Mr. Gutenherz, and he had been satisfied from the good boy's account that his young friend put his religion in no danger, he was permitted to continue his companionship.

But to return to Dunkel: Hans got during dinner a severe lecture, which effectually spoilt his appetite, for his conduct in church: though in truth his appetite was not over keen with confinement all day, for victuals cooked the day before. For Gottlob never allowed work of any sort to be done on the Sunday in his house. Two more services in church, with a dismal sermon in each, and long duty at home, sent him at last thoroughly worn out to bed. Yet did he not require his father's calling him next morning; he was up with the lark, and soon in the field.

Another week passed like the preceding, and the friendship of the two boys every day grew stronger. Another melancholy sabbath came for poor Hans, then another joyful week, and so time wore on. The friends did not talk much on very deep, certainly not on theological subjects; but the oppression which every Sunday, as it came, seemed to cause on Hans's spirits, puzzled greatly his kind friend. "It cannot be right, it cannot be right," said poor Fritz to himself one Saturday evening as they parted, and he shook his little head most gravely. "The religion which can make God's own day gloomy and cheerless comes not from *there*:" and he looked, and pointed with his finger, towards the golden heavens, in which the sun had just set, steeping every mountain in light, while the flood of rays that still rose from him dashed against the clouds and seemed to break into waves of glory. "God," he continued, "who made the produce of His six work-days so gorgeous, so lovely, so gladsome, cannot have intended the counterpart of His festival day of rest to be mean, and hateful, and sad."

That evening Hans received a serious lecture from his father upon the duty of being up betimes next morning, and not beginning the Lord's day himself with an act of laziness, and obliging him to begin it by anger and reproof. The lesson was not thrown away, when Gottlob went to rouse him from his bed, he found it empty: Hans was already gone out. At first he was pleased; but when the hour of prayer came, and no Hans appeared, he became more than ever angry. The day went on, it was church time, still no tidings of him. To look for him was out of the question—it was the sabbath-day, and nobody could be sent out on so profane an errand. The father began to feel alarmed as well as angry: but nothing could be done.

What, then, had become of Hans? Why the poor boy's head had long been working at the problem, of how it was possible to make Sunday cheerful and happy, and finding no solution, had been working himself up to the resolution to go some Sunday and see how Fritz managed it. His father's lecture settled the matter: he determined to run any risk to escape from one wretched Sunday at least. So he arose before any one was stirring, and darting out of the village, tripped up the mountain's side briskly towards Lichten. He had never been in the fields before on a Sunday. "Why," he mused with himself, "the birds are singing as gaily as on a week-day, and the sky looks as bright, and the turf as green, and the dew as brilliant. Will God be offended with me because *I* listen and look with the same pleasure as on other days? Is man to be the only sad thing on such a glorious morning? Hark, there is the bell of Lichten! Does not its joyous voice seem to claim a right to be heard in such a scene, and speak a language intelligible to the glad creatures around?"

Many, he could see, were already answering it; for from all sides people were directing their steps towards the little church. But imagining that there was always some risk in what he was about to do, he determined to reserve himself for the second, which he knew from his friend was the solemn service. He employed his time, therefore, as well as he could till nine, when the bell again gave forth its cheerful note, and then directed his steps towards the village. From every cottage around, along every path, family parties were streaming towards it: he was startled to see them so joyful. The people in their gay Sunday attire, so particular and beautiful in Switzerland, with their little ones tripping before or frisking around them, and plucking wild flowers as they went along to make themselves a nosegay, or to place before some altar, or on the grave of some dear brother or sister, chirping more merrily than the birds themselves, could it be Sunday he asked himself, or was each of these a bridal party going upon a special errand of joy? But as they reached the door of the sacred building a feeling of reverence, though not of gloominess, seemed to come over every heart. Silently yet freely they took their places, the men on one side, the women on the other. Hans felt a certain misgiving as he paused for a moment on the threshold: his heart beat, his flesh crept with a certain horror, as all rushed to his mind that he had heard of the idolatries and dark superstitions practised in Catholic churches—was it possible that he was on the point of witnessing these? But he had made up his mind to see and judge for himself, so forward he went, and did not halt till he found himself not far from the chancel or sanctuary; for he was determined to see every thing.

Poor Hans's ideas of the inside of a church were very simple: walls and pillars scrupulously clean, but as plain as whitewash could make them; its only furniture a pulpit; its only minister a clergyman in a black gown. He was, therefore, perfectly bewildered as he looked cautiously around him. Every thing to his eyes was rich and splendid; the gilded altars with their pictures and silver ornaments (for such one may yet see in the mountain churches of the Alps) seemed quite magnificent. But the high altar, decked out in splendour for the solemn function perfectly dazzled him. He had never seen a picture in his life before, nothing beyond a penny print, or a grim old portrait. Over the altar was the beautiful picture to which Fritz had alluded: of a lady majestically arrayed, crowned with glory, and bearing in her arms a beautiful Infant. The more he looked the more he felt the wish that he had a mother like that, for she seemed actually to turn her eyes and to smile upon him. Oh could he know whom it represented; he felt sure he would love her as a child, and her dear Infant as a brother! And the crucifix too! what a light that threw on what he had learnt by rote, that our Lord had been crucified for his sins! But what this meant he never had known, and consequently never properly felt. Now indeed he saw it, and shuddered at what it suggested.

While thus engaged, he had timidly looked around him for his friend but in vain. He was sure that the very persons near whom he sat were his family; the resemblance at once struck him: that kind old man was his father, there were his brothers. But where was *he*? Could he be unwell, or was something wrong? their countenances did not intimate it. But he was soon roused from his thoughts, by a sound such as he had never before heard bursting upon his ears. It was the full peal of the organ. Imagine the effect of it for the first time, on one who had never heard any thing beyond a shepherd's pipe! how noble, how majestic, how overpowering. He felt almost impelled to start up, and checked himself with difficulty. But his eyes soon got the better of his ears, and all his attention was engaged once more by the sense of sight. A procession was slowly entering into the sanctuary. Acolytes, and choristers in robes of virgin white, the officiating priest in what he thought royal magnificence, the incense tossed in balmy clouds from the silver censor, the cross, the lights, all looked to him like a vision of another world, silently and solemnly passing before him, till each one in the ceremonial had taken his place, and the chancel was filled with its ministers, some kneeling towards the altar, others standing in beautiful order to chant. And now there joined the organ's rich peal the richer music of the human voice, playing amidst its rolling notes as a powerful swimmer among the waves, now half buried and lost among them, now upborne by them and rising over them, giving them life and interest. But among the new and thrilling sensations which the combinations of sounds sent through Hans, he caught every now and then a note or a melody, which sent him back, he knew not how, to his merry green pastures. After much attention he caught the truth—it was the voice of his friend, singing that very strain which first led to their acquaintance. And there he was, more fair and angelic than ever, in his white surplice, that seemed to become his appearance and his nature, far better than his shepherd's dress. There was not one in that youthful band that looked more pure and innocent; and how much more did Hans now love him! Nay, he felt a reverence for him such as he had never felt for his own minister; it was to him as though that place and habit made Fritz a being of another order, and made it an honour to himself to be admitted to his friendship.

And now a pause took place; the venerable priest turned from the altar to address his flock. There was gentleness in his look, there was benevolence in every feature; each grey lock seemed a pledge of mildness and charity. He was to Hans's eye the minister of a covenant of love, and Dr. Grabstimme of one of fear. And the text soon showed it. "God," he commenced, "is love." (1 *John* vi. 14. *Germ. trans.*) He expatiated on the goodness of God, and his infinite amiability described in glowing terms that flowed from the heart, how he wishes to see his creatures happy, and how he wishes them to love him, and to rejoice before him in grateful affection. When he closed by inviting all to love God who so much deserves it, his eyes beamed with kindness, and his face was kindled up with a glowing expression of the feelings he described. Hans caught the flame, his heart seemed to expand within him; and for the first time, love became an ingredient in his religious feelings. The ceremonial proceeded, the chaunt burst forth again; but there was a worship going on within, there was a music in his breast, which made him almost blind and deaf to all that passed without. At the conclusion of the service, when all were leaving the church, Hans was still kneeling with his face buried in his hands, and the tears streaming through his fingers. He was roused by a gentle tap on his shoulder. The good old man whom he had seen near him stood beside him, and kindly addressed him saying, "My child, you are a stranger here, what is your name?" "Hans," he replied. "Then I know you," said the good man, "come to my house, and you will see Fritz." He followed silently, and the two young friends were soon in one another's arms, shedding tears of joy.

Hans was made welcome by all: could Catholic hearts have made him otherwise? The tears were soon dried up by all (for others wept as well as they), and all sat down smiling to the temperate, but abundant meal. A Sunday dinner with good humour, with cheerful talk, with an abundance of domestic kindness and of affectionate attentions was indeed a treat. And after it came Vespers, in which Hans was taught to join, and then they all proceeded to the place devoted to manly sports, when all talked, and enjoyed themselves, and seemed like brothers, for who could be otherwise after they had knelt together before the same altar? There was no brawling, no disputing—who *could* quarrel on such a Sunday? And when the little bell rang again for evening prayer and benediction of the B. Sacrament, all obeyed the summons without a murmur, and walked like one family to their dear parish church. How poor Hans enjoyed it all, until, alas! the hour was come for departure. He lingered as long as he could, then took leave of all the family: but Fritz insisted upon accompanying him to their common boundary. The friends walked in silence, each occupied with his own thought. It was a glorious evening again, and the western sky was still glowing with the radiance of the departed sun. The light was reflected upon Hans's fine countenance, as turning to Fritz, he took him by the hand and said, "Fritz, now I can understand how *you* should love the Sunday." And has not this," rejoined Fritz, "been a pleasant Sunday for *you*, Hans?" "My Sunday," answered Hans, "is not finished yet. God grant it prove not still the bitterest of my life. Till to-morrow farewell." He was gone, and Fritz found himself alone, and in tears. "This is the first time in my life," he exclaimed to himself, "that I have shed tears of sorrow on a Sunday!"

When Hans reached his father's house, he stood for some time at the door, with his hand upon the latch, hesitating whether to advance. At length he entered. Little Wilhelm clapped his hands, and uttered a faint cry of joy at seeing him; but faint and subdued as it was, a glance from his stern father's eye

choked it in his throat. Whatever Gottlob's feelings of anxiety might have been, they were at once allayed by Hans's appearance; but not so his wrath. Every sermon of Dr. Grabstimme's that day seemed directed personally to him, and intended to add fuel to his anger. He had preached among other subjects on eternal reprobation; had dwelt on its marks, so as minutely to describe Hans's character, and had offered consolation to parents who should have such children of wrath, because in them the justice of God, as much an attribute as mercy, would be manifested to men.

Hans had made up his mind to what he thought the worst that could happen. He had determined to bear all in silence, as he felt he must have given his father pain, and just offence. Gottlob proceeded at once to interrogate him. "Hans, why have you absented yourself from home all this day?" "Because, father," he answered, "I could no longer bear the austere and cheerless observance of the sabbath here. Whatever others may be, I feel that *I*, at least, am not made for such sabbaths as yours." "Then it was actually in contempt of this blessed day that you departed. Hans, your offence is far more grievous than I had thought. I had hoped it was only levity, I find it was irreligion." Seizing the first fit instrument that was at hand, he proceeded to inflict summary chastisement upon the boy. The child Wilhelm rushed to his father's knees to interpose, and, unintentionally indeed, the first heavy blow fell upon him. He was little able to bear it, and the poor little fellow shrunk writhing into a corner and wept, while Hans, unresisting, bore the weight of his father's indignation. When this was appeased, Gottlob told his son, that as he had escaped from the other duties of the sabbath, he should at least have full measure of the only one that remained—the evening lecture. After a long and extemporaneous prayer, in which all Hans's delinquencies were enumerated, the Bible was produced, and Hans ordered to read. He complied for a time, then suddenly paused—the next words seemed to perplex him. "Go on," exclaimed his father sternly. "*The sabbath*," continued Hans, "*was made for man, and not man for the sabbath*—Father, what do these words mean?" "Mean?" asked the father angrily, "what wouldst thou have them mean? That it should be spent in idleness? that it should be profaned by truant disobedience? that it should be defiled by dissipation and sin? in short, that it should be spent as thou hast spent this?" "God forbid," replied Hans, "save in the last respect. But if the sabbath was made for man, it surely was made for his happiness; and happiness consists in love. Yes, father. I have this day learnt this truth, that the Lord's day—yea, and man's too, beyond all others, may be sanctified by joy, consecrated by hymns, made holy by gladness of heart. I have seen, and, what is more, I have felt, that God may be loved as well as feared. Man is made for the sabbath when he is enslaved to it by fear: the sabbath is made for man when he freely enjoys it in love." "And where," asked Gottlob amazed, "where hast thou learnt all this new wisdom?" Hans paused for a moment; he foresaw the consequences; but never in his life had he soiled his lips with a lie, and he answered firmly but softly, "At Lichten: yes, and I will say all, in its church!"

The father tried to speak, but his voice failed him. A fearful struggle was going on within: his frame quivered with repressed passion. In a moment he was calm, and in a severe tone he addressed his son: "Hans, for this I have no chastisement—for thou art no longer my son. I disown thee from this moment forward. Go hence, and see my face no more." Hans stood for a moment uncertain; he embraced his little brother; then took his father's hand to kiss it, but it was drawn sharply from his grasp; and silently left the house.

Fritz hardly closed his eyes all night, and thought that morning would never come. It did come at last, however, and he rose with a heavier heart than he had ever known. He went, according to his daily custom, to the church, where during the early Mass he prayed most fervently for his friend, and then hastened to his usual post. He looked in vain for Hans, and was beginning to give him up, when he heard some one breaking through the wood on the hill, as if coming towards him. It was Hans, all pale and haggard. When he had reached him, he exclaimed, "I told you yesterday would be the bitterest Sunday in my life. It has proved so indeed. Farewell, we shall not meet again; pray for me." Fritz tried to detain him, but in vain; he rushed back into the wood, and quickly disappeared.

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Years, some twelve perhaps or fifteen, have passed away: the boys of the former period have become men.

A stranger or a traveller, in those days, was a rare thing in the village of Dunkel. Yet one did arrive one fine day, and took up his quarters in the little inn there. He was a young man, with the look of a soldier, but apparently in bad health, and suffering from the effects of a wound. He never gave his name; and no one knew him except by his title of Colonel. He soon gained the esteem and love of all, by his gentle and mild behaviour; the children, who at first were afraid of his military looks, soon came round him, and became very fond of him. He asked many questions from the landlady of the house, seeming very curious about the principal families of the place, and their histories: and from the drift of his inquiries she and others concluded that he was thinking of purchasing land, and settling there, should he find it an agreeable residence. He could not go out far, from weakness, though it was evident that every day he was gaining strength. But although he daily took a short walk, when the first Sunday came, he did not leave the house. This circumstance was sure to attract notice in that place; and, consequently, on Monday morning he received a visit from Dr. Grabstimme. The Pastor was now an old man, his hair was grey, and the lines of his hard face deeply furrowed. He said he had come to remonstrate with him for the scandal he had occasioned by absence from church on the preceding day, expatiated on the grievous sin he had committed, and closed by saying, that since the day, many years ago, when a boy of the name of Hans Stein had brought down on himself the divine vengeance by similar conduct, such an event had not occurred till now in the village. The Colonel seemed hurt by the remark, but kept the most calm composure; assured the minister that he intended no disrespect, and quietly bowed him to the door.

Next Sunday came, and the Colonel kept his room. On the following morning, his landlady coldly but respectfully hinted to him, that circumstances beyond her control compelled her to request his removal to some other quarters. He walked forth—and his favourite children flew from him, like birds before the falcon. At last he caught one of them, and asked what all this meant. He could only answer in his fright, "Dr. Grabstimme—the sabbath." "I understand it," he said to himself, "I have been denounced in church as impious and sacrilegious. There is no remedy but to leave. However, I have accomplished my sorrowful purpose."

In his indignation, he resolved to depart at once. He saw the little village of Lichten on the hill; and thinking himself strong enough to reach it, began slowly to ascend. Often did he pause; perhaps through fatigue, perhaps to enjoy the beautiful prospect—it could not be for any other reason, for he was evidently a stranger. But notwithstanding his fre-

quent rests, by the time he had reached the village his strength was exhausted, and two or three peasants who were going out a-field saw him tottering, and just caught him before he fell. All who were about ran to bring assistance; "He is a stranger," one said, "I will take him to my house." "No, mine is nearer," interposed another. "Hush," said a third, "don't you know that our good pastor would never forgive us, if we took him to any house but his own?" "True, true," all exclaimed, and he was borne gently in the arms of four men to the priest's residence, and laid at once upon his bed. The priest was from home, but several ran to seek him, going instinctively to the houses of the sick.

In the mean time the Colonel was somewhat revived; and soon he heard the voice of the parish priest on the stairs eagerly asking, "Where is he? is he very unwell?" &c., as he hurried towards the room. At the first sound of the voice the Colonel started, and sat up. In the next moment the good priest was at his side. One glance was exchanged between them: "Fritz!" "Hans!" were their only words, and they were in each others' arms.

The history of both during the preceding years is soon told. Fritz, disconsolate for the loss of his friend, felt no more relish for the country life, or rather only hastened to propose to his father what had long been the dearest wish of his heart—to devote himself to the priesthood. His father heard him with joy and gratitude to God; and the boy was soon at college. There he continued the same innocent, amiable youth as before, pleasing to God and man, and in due course ascended the steps of the Sanctuary, and was ordained priest. He was appointed to assist the venerable pastor of Lichten; for no one could remember any foolish prank or any wildness in his youth that could interfere with his ministry. On the death of that good priest he was named his successor, and was the pride and the delight of his parishioners. During the whole of these years, he never had omitted, a single day, to pray for the friend of his youth.

Hans, upon leaving home had gone abroad, and soon obtained service, young as he was, in a Swiss regiment. He was a gallant soldier, and soon distinguished himself by his courage and skill. He rose rapidly, and became rich; till at length seriously wounded in action, he was permitted to retire, with a pension that was a princely fortune in a Swiss village. He retired to Dunkel, partly for the sake of native air, partly with faint hopes of finding his brother alive. But he soon learnt the sad history of his family. The child never recovered the blow accidentally inflicted on him by his father, on that fatal sabbath; and moreover he pined away from his brother's loss. He declined, without any visible complaint, and when his head at last began to wander, would often ask if Hans was come back yet, and would take him to the green fields. He died calmly at last, one Sunday morning; and gave another bitter sabbath to Gottlob Stein. He had himself become more and more gloomy, ever since Hans's departure; he had nursed his child with unceasing but almost silent affection, and after he had laid him in his grave, every one saw that he would soon follow him. He did so in fact, and his possessions passed into the hands of distant relations, whom Hans had no wish to disturb.

To return, the good priest of Lichten, (for we must no longer call him by the name of his boyhood, though Hans could not bring himself to call him by any other), watched by his patient day and night; and the effects of a bracing air, kind care, and revived cheerfulness were soon visible. In the mean time their conversation, though mingled with pleasant recollections of their younger days, now turned upon more serious topics than formerly.

It was indeed doubly a festival to all the good people of Lichten, that fine Sunday morning when Hans, now fully recovered, knelt before the high altar of the Church of Lichten, and publicly, with a firm voice, made profession of the Catholic faith, in the hands of his dear friend. And a still happier Sunday did that seem, when with sincere devotion he there received the sacred pledge of salvation and of communion.

Then came a day, if possible of still greater rejoicing (and it was a Sunday too, for Hans would now have every good thing done on the Sunday), when the same holy priest joined the hand of his friend to that of his own dear and virtuous sister, and pronounced over both the nuptial blessing. It was a family feast for all the village, young and old. Years of happiness succeeded, each containing fifty-two Sundays, as Hans would tell his children, not one of which he would have given up for a fortune. Indeed as he was getting old, some of his neighbours asserted, that they had heard him gravely tell one of his great-grandchildren on his knee, that it never rained or snowed, or looked gloomy on a Sunday, but that it was always bright, and sunny, and cheerful.

And so he thought, good old man; for he was looking at the Sunday not out of doors, but inside the church, and inside his house, and inside his own heart: and in all these it ever was as he described it. But mind, he was speaking not of a Protestant sabbath, but of a Catholic Sunday.

"THE FINE OLD CATH'LIC GENTLEMAN."

I'll sing you an honest song that just pops into my pate,
Of a fine old Cath'lic Gentleman who had an old estate,
And who kept a good old Mansion at an orthodox old rate,
With a staunch old Cath'lic Porter for the Poor that flock'd his gate,
Like a fine old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

His fine old Hall was hung around with swords, and pikes, and bows,
And helmets, shields, and breastplates, that had stood some tough old blows,
And armour that his Grandsires wore against old Paynim foes,
When they battled for the Holy Faith they'd rather die than lose,
Like this staunch old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

He lov'd to show, with honest pride, as he sat within his Hall,
The quaint old family pictures that hung upon the wall,
Of Mitred Bishops, Barons bold, and Warriors grim and tall,—
All faithful sons of Holy Church, and kinsmen, one and all,
Of this fine old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

Whene'er he talk'd of the good old times he'd shake his rev'rend pate,
And sigh with good old Father Bede to think how hard a fate,
Brought down the Old Religion from its high and ancient state,—
The Church alike of rich and poor, of the lowly and the great.
Oh! this fine old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time!

And when his Chapel-bell would ring to call the house to Prayer,
The good old Squire was sure to be the first and foremost there:
And, oh! it was a touching sight to see the pious care
With which he knelt, and closed his hands, and bowed his silvery hair,
Like a good Old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

His Charities were known around for twenty miles or more,
And crowds of thankful suppliants were always at his door:
He never ask'd about their Creed—enough if they were poor,
And in distress to claim a share of his abundant store,
Like a kind old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

At length a gentle sickness came, and he sought his easy chair,
And all his good and gallant sons and all his daughters dear
Sat round about him, and they found it hard to stop the tear
That sprang and trembled in their eyes, for they knew the end was near
Of this good old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

At last the dear old gentleman lay calmly down to die:
His family knelt round his bed, and Father Bede stood by
To give him all the holy helps Religion could supply:
And there was pray'r on ev'ry lip, and grief on ev'ry eye
For this dear old Cath'lic Gentleman all of the Olden Time.

Now, let us hope and firmly trust we yet may have the grace
To see the Old Religion go on and thrive apace,
And that our good old Church may soon regain her ancient place:
And may we never have to say, "we've lost the noble race
Of fine old Cath'lic Gentlemen like those of Olden Time."

THE DYING MISSIONARY.

* * * * * * *

He left the sunny Italy—the clime
Of glowing hearts; and from his vallied home,
Wandered among the fragrant isles, that look
On India's sweep of ocean. There he dwelt;—
And, when a multitudinous crowd had bent
Before his hallowed voice, on a soft eve,
He sunk in placid meekness; pillowing
The icy whiteness of his chilly brow
Upon a tuft of plantain leaves that breathed
Their odours o'er him. There the panting heart
Of that lorn wanderer fainted,—'neath a sky
Of loveliness, yet alien to the throbs
That gladdened his young thoughts:—there purely bright,
Pure as the child that slumbers in its charms,
Or like some weary seraph, whose blue eyes
Melt into trembling languidness, when toil
Hath met and conquered him,—*the dying Saint*
Fell on the glen's deep verdure.

He had been
A Priest at God's own altar, and stood there,
Tranced in such ecstacies of bliss, that life
Was dream—like to him. What had earth for him?
His hours were wrought in one unshadowed web
Of seraph joys—and when awoke, he gazed
Mourningly on it. Beautifully morn
Smiled radiant on his cheek, yet he, lone thing,
Turned sorrowing, and in the heart's deep mines,
Gathered those priceless feelings, only found
Where Love hath been a dweller, till inflamed
With zeal's almighty darings, leaving home,
(Sweet home, that clasps us, O, how tenderly!)
Far to the East, he journeyed gathering fruit
Through India's fragrant isles to hive in heaven.

But 'tis an eve of Spring, the festal time
Of the tired soul; and now Death beckons him
Away, away from earth; from all her flowers
Of gold and silver light: when time and life
Are in their May, and when the waking winds
Glide on the odorous air like 'franchised spirits.
Oh! to a delicate and passionate mind,
To die at such a time!—to die when all
Are bursting into life—when all is green,—
And fair, and exquisite—when hope's dear pulse
Beats at the heart, and when the blood leaps up
In an excess of joy—this, this is more
Than the fond heart can bear:—*He* felt it not
He had no fellowship with earth, and Spring
Vainly spread lures to win him. Though the brook,
Like tell-tale innocence, was musical
For all, aye all was vain.

Gently there broke
Of murmuring sounds, he turned him far away—
On the blue mellowy radiance of the eye
Just sinking into shadow, twilight gleams
As of a sunnier world, and suddenly—
Glory, a burst of glories flung its beams
Around his throbbing forehead: O the deep,
The full o'erflowings of delight! joy, joy
Is swimming round him; Health springs forth
To paint his purpling lip; from the strong heart
Fountains of bliss gush upward, till each sense
Drunk with the too-deep fulness of its gladness
Voluptuously staggers through a dream
Of speechless ecstacy—save when the crush
Of holy breathings, like the wind-harp's close,
Is born and buried in its own sweet song.

And as there floated broken words of prayer
Around his murmuring lips, methought I heard
An unseen spirit strike a requiem chord
In dulcet measures, haply like to these.

"Bright flowers are scattered on the ground,
Spring-music in the air,—
Earth's spell is hung on hues and sound,
As if a soul were there.

"But thee earth's bloom and vernal hymn
Shall never gladden more:—
For thee life's visionings are dim,
Its shades and lights are o'er.

"I hear a soft voice from the cloud—
Entoning thy recal,—
In angel harmonies, not loud
But deepening in its fall.

"I see reflected splendour break,
And on thine eye-lids shine;
And buried deeds of worth awake,
That slept, as in a shrine.

"Then haste—the shadowy lines of faith
In morning-light expand;—
Why linger in thy desert-path?—
Come to thy better land."

S.

Dignity of Labour.—In early life David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and although foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to bodily health and mental vigour. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man that was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer, that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those, who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.

The most important principle, perhaps, in life, is to have a pursuit—a useful one if possible, and, at all events, an innocent one.—*Sir H. Davy.*

IRISH CAR-DRIVERS.

Persons who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They always "take the world aisy"—that is to say, have no care for the morrow, and seldom are owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposites in all respects of the English postilions—the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarize their "fares" to the sound of their voices; in nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when "the stage" is ended, and the driver having consigned his charge to his successor, departs usually in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, aught of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road, according to the instruction of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain, during your progress, where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish, that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere, in the least, with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. We engaged one at Clogheen. "Ah, then is it to Cahir ye're going, Sir?—and it's from Lismore ye're coming, I'll go bail." "You've made a good guess." "Maybe it's to my lord's I'll be driving ye?" "Not so lucky this time." "To Mr. Grubb's did ye say, Sir?" "No." "Well then it's to Mr. Fennell's yer honour 'll be telling me to drive ye?" "Yes." "Is it to Mr. Joe Fennell's, or Mr. Jonas Fennell's, or Mr. Fennell's of the cottage?" And then came a long history of all of the name who dwell in or near one of the prettiest and cleanest towns of Ireland:—"The quakers, yer honour, all owing to the quakers," quoth our driver, as he gave his steed the whip to "go in style" up the long avenue.

A few characteristic anecdotes of the genus may amuse our readers. Some one tells a story of a fellow who on grumbling at the shilling gratuity at his journey's end, said in a sly under tone, "Faith it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knew but all." The traveller's curiosity was excited, "What do you mean?" "Oh faix! that 'ud be telling." Another shilling was tendered. "And now," asked the gentleman, "what do you mean by saying if you knew but all?" "*That I driv yer honour the last three miles widout a linch-pin!*" We had ourselves once a touching application for the string of our cloak "to tie up a small bit of the harness that was broke into smithereens from the weight of the hill." "Will I pay the pike or drive at it, plase yer honour?" was the exclamation of a driver to his passenger, as he suddenly drew up a few yards from the turnpike-gate. One of the richest characters of the class, we encountered on the road from Ross to Wexford; he told us how he got his first situation.—"The masther had two

beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gintleman, and loved a joke. Well, there was as many as fifteen afther the place, and the first that wint up to him, 'Now, my man,' says he, 'tell me,' says he, 'how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considered, and he says, says he, 'Within a foot, plaze yer honour, and no harm.'—'Very well,' says he, 'go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by-and-by.' So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said five inches; and another—a dandyfied chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within 'three inches and a half, he'd go bail.' Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, 'Plaze yer honour, *I'd keep as far off it as I could.*'—'Very well, Misther Byrne,' says he, 'you're my coachman,' says he. Och, the roar there was in the kitchen whin I wint down and tould the joke!" When Mr. V———, the assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, first visited Cork, the coach by which he arrived set him down next door to the Imperial Hotel—his place of destination. Not being aware of this fact, he ordered a car, and gave his direction to the driver. The fellow conducted him round the town, and through various streets and lanes, and after an hour's driving placed him at the hotel entrance, demanding and receiving a sum of five shillings, which his victim considered a reasonable charge. A few minutes afterwards he discovered the trick that had been played upon him.

The car-drivers who ply in the streets look as if they duly regarded their own ease, and that business was, with them, a secondary consideration. You sometimes find them standing on the pavement, their handkerchiefs floating negligently round their necks and their long loose coats flapping about their legs —or lounging on the bar or box of their car or jingle, touching their hats with a leering civility—or elevating what serves for a whip if they think a fare is approaching; to see them thus you would imagine them heedless of their interests; but ask a question of one touching time or distance, and the whole body start immediately into life and activity. "Ah, thin sure it isn't he that can *tell* your honour the distance; but I'll tell ye what he can do—*double* it." "I'm first on the stand, and see what a beautiful *baste* I have." "*Thin!*" "Oh bedad she's not thin—faix it was myself was obligated to put her on a regiment to get her into racing order; she was so over and above fat." "Ah sure it isn't going to trust yerself on an outside car ye are, and the rain gothering itself in oceans above yer head; just come *a piece* of the way in this, yer honour. Sure it's aisy enough to get out if ye don't like it." Don't be *beguiling* the strange lady and gentleman wid yer gosther, Micky; sure ye know that garron won't lave the stand, barrin ye give him yer oath, before a witness, it's home to the stable he's going." "Bedad! I'd scorn to ax the likes of ye into my beautiful jingle —barrin it was the best in Cork, which it is. Sure it's *only* my fare I'll ax—laving any other little thrifle to yer honour—on account of the wife and children." This "leaving to your honour" is, by the way, always a most expensive mode of payment.

The car-drivers in Cork and Dublin seem also to have an especial eye on the goings and comings of the inhabitants. We stopped one morning to knock at a gentleman's door; a lazy-looking "jingle-boy" was lounging against the area rails. "Oh bedad!" he said, shifting his position, "If it's Mr. So-and-so ye'r wantin', he's off these two hours to Cove, and a fine shaking he'll get on Lary Clooney's car, if he gets no worse, sorra a spring on it these twelve months—barring a tow-rope."

In England and in France the postilions bully you out of your money—in Ireland they coax or laugh it out of your pockets. "Well, I'm not going to deny, but it's all I have a right to, but I'd like another little shilling, to show the people that yer honour was satisfied, and had a regard for the counthry."—"I've waited yer honour's leisure this ever so long," said one fellow, "till ye'd have time to make me the little present *ye war thinking of.*" We took a short excursion one morning, somewhat early, and the horse on descending a hill commenced kicking in such an extraordinary manner, that instead of becoming alarmed we laughed heartily at the oddity and obstinacy of the animal, which, aided by the apologies and explanations of the driver, were inconceivably ludicrous:—"Look now, ma'am, it's the quietest baste in Ireland," [kick, kick,] "but it's a small taste frolicsome, out of play," [kick, kick, kick.] [Aside to the horse.] "I'll give it ye, ye baste, whin I git ye home, to be exposing me this way." [Aloud.] "It's the blood ye see, Sir, the rale quality blood that's in it —sure his mother won the plate at the Curragh o' Kildare, and it's only too quiet this craythure is," [kick.] [Aside.] "Ah, ye venemous sarpint, ye'r at it agin." "Except when it goes out too early of a mornin'—it understands the fashions, and I never get much good of him before tin or half-past tin, any way." The poor animal, who "understood the fashions," looked as if he had not tasted oats for a month, and yet he was the most determined kicker on a hill's side we ever encountered. In the end, to get home the descendant of noble blood, the driver was actually obliged to turn the car round, and back it for nearly half a mile, to the bottom of the hill. On our return the man was amply paid; he turned over and over the money in his hand, glancing his eye up and around with an expression of cunning we cannot easily forget. "Are you not satisfied?" was our natural inquiry. "Oh, yes, quite satisfied, and I'm sure yer honours war satisfied too—only the lady laughed so hard at the baste's tricks, that I thought yer honour would give me another little sixpence."—*Hall's Ireland.*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE GREAT INSPIRER OF PAINTING.

(Sir C. Bell on the Anatomy of the Eye.)

With better times the influence of the church was more happily exercised, and finer feelings prevailed. The subjects were from the scriptures, and noble efforts were made, attesting a deep feeling of every condition of humanity. What we see in the churches of Italy, and almost in every church, is the representation of innocence and tenderness in the Madonna and Child, and in the young St. John. Contrasted with the truth, and beauty, and innocence of the Virgin, there is the mature beauty and abandonment of the Magdalen. In the dead Christ, in the swooning of the mother of the Saviour, and in the Maries, there is the utmost scope for the genius of the painter. We see there, also, the grave character of mature years in the Prophets and Evangelists, and the grandeur of expression in Moses. In short, we have the whole range of human character and expression, from the divine loveliness and purity of the infant Saviour, of angels and saints, to the strength, fierceness, and brutality of the executioners. There, also, we may see the effort made, the greatest of all, in imitation of the ancients, to infuse divinity into the human beauty of that countenance, which, though not without feeling, was superior to passion, and in which benevolence was to be represented uncloaded by human infirmity. These were the subjects to call forth the exertions of genius, while the rewards were the riches of the church, and the public exhibition, in unison with the deep feelings of the people. Thus did religion at a later period tend to restore what it had almost destroyed on the overthrow of Pagan idolatry. For the new-born zeal of the first Christians sought to efface every monument of the antique religion, throwing down the statues, destroying the mosaics and pictures, effacing every memorial, and razing the ancient temples, or converting them into Christian churches.

The Church of Rome has favoured the arts in a remarkable manner. The ceremonial and decorations of the altar have been contrived with great felicity. He is insensible to beauty who, being a painter, does not there catch ideas of light, and shade, and colour. The Gothic, or rich Roman architecture, the carved skreen, the statues softened by a subdued light, form altogether a magnificent scene. The effects of light and colour are not matters of accident. The painted glass of the high window represents to the superficial observer no more than the rich garments of the figures painted there. But the combination of colours evinces science; the yellows and greens, in due proportion with the crimsons and blues, throw beams of an autumnal tint among the shafts and pillars, and colour the volumes of rising incense. The officials of the altar, the priests in rich vestments, borrowed from the Levites under the old law, are somewhat removed from the spectator and obscured by the smoke of the incense.* The young men flinging the silver censers, in themselves beautiful, and making the volumes of incense rise, give the effect of a tableau defying imitation; for where can there be such a combination to the eye, joined to the emotions inspired by the pealing organ, the deep chant, and the response of the youthful choristers, whose voices seem to come from the vaulted roof? There is something too in the belief that the chant of the psalms is the early Jewish measure.

* If the painter requires to know these vestments, he will find an account of them in Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy," vol. ii. Antiquity characterises every thing in the Roman Church; and to the English traveller this affords additional interest. The ceremonies are ancient; the language of the service is that which prevailed at the period of the introduction of Christianity; the vestments are Jewish—at all events very ancient and majestic. Like every thing else in painting, the artist should know the origin and uses of the drapery, or his lines and folds will be unmeaning.

It was scarcely possible, during the struggles of the Reformation, to keep the middle course, and retain the better part of the Roman Church. Enthusiasm would have the recesses of each man's breast to be the only sanctuary; that, even while on earth, and burdened with the weakness, and subject to the influences of an earth-born creature, he should attain that state of purity and holiness, when, as in the apocalypse, there is "no temple." Philosophy came to countenance the poverty and the meanness of our places of public worship. Climate, it was inferred, influenced the genius of a people; and, therefore, their government and mode of worship. The offices of religion in hot climates were said to require some sensible object before the eyes, and hence the veneration paid to statues and paintings; whilst in the colder climates we were to substitute internal contemplation and the exercise of reason for passion.*

We trust, or hope, that in the breasts of those who fill the family pew in these northern churches, there may be more genuine devotion; but to appearance all is pale and cold; while to the subject we are now considering, at least, no aid is afforded. What a contrast is offered to the eye of the painter, by the figures seen in the churches of the Roman Catholic countries of the south, as compared with those in our own! There are seen men in the remote aisles or chapels, cast down in prayer, and abandoned to their feelings with that unrestrained expression which belongs to an Italian from his infancy; and even the beggars who creep about the porches of the churches are like nothing we see nearer home. In them we recognize the figures familiar to us in the paintings of the great masters. In visiting the church of the Annunziata in Genoa, I found a beggar lying in my way, the precise figure of the lame man in the cartoon of Raphael. He lay extended at full length upon the steps, crawling with the aid of a short crutch, on which he rested with both his hands. In Roman Catholic countries the church door is open, and a heavy curtain excludes the light and heat, and there lie about those figures in rags singularly picturesque.

In short, the priests in their rich habiliments, studiously arranged for effect,—the costume of the monks of the order of St. Francis and the Capuchins,—the men and women from the country, and the mendicants prostrate in the churches, and in circumstances as to light, and shade, and colour, nowhere else to be seen, have been, and are, the studies of the Italian painters.

Again, in passing from the galleries of Rome to the country and villages around, we cannot doubt where Raphael and Dominichino found their studies and prettiest models. The holiday dress of the young women in the villages is the same with that which we see in their paintings; and as each village has something distinguishing and characteristic, and still picturesque in its costume, much is left for good taste to select and combine.

When a man of genius, nurtured in his art at Rome, where every thing conspires to make him value his occupations, returns home to comparative neglect, he is not to be envied. He wants sympathy and associates. David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth, in a letter to Gavin Hamilton, whom he had left in Rome, laments the want of living models, and the defective sensibility of his countrymen. He says, we rarely see in this country a countenance like that of a Franciscan or an Italian beggar, so full of character, so useful to the study of history painting. But, he adds, we have nature, and with the assistance of ancient models and casts from the Greek statues, much may be accomplished.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Nursery Hint.—The natural appetite I believe to be an index of the wants of the system; and ought, therefore, to be consulted to a certain extent in the dieting of children; and I believe that parents commit a gross error who totally disregard it. I have seen children refuse vegetable food, though they ardently desired it, because they would not eat what their nurses supposed to be the proper proportion of animal food; and on the other hand, I have known children denied animal food on the mistaken notion that it would be injurious to them, though the disgestive functions were active, and the appetite for meat most keen.

Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in signing pardons; and delighted in conveying through his mouth all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.

Sleep.—Nothing is more pernicious than too much sleep. It brings on a sluggishness and dulness of all the animal functions, and materially tends to weaken the body. It blunts and destroys the senses, and renders both the body and mind unfit for action. From the slowness of circulation which it occasions, there necessarily follow great corpulency, a bloated habit of body, and a tendency to dropsy, lethargy, apoplexy, and other disorders.

The Country.—He that loves the country as God made it, in all its beauty and immortal freshness, must love God and man too; and while he seeks in mountain solitudes and on seashores, relief from the weariness of too long jostling in the crowd, will find how this very solitude will quicken his appetite for human society, and his perception of the comforts and home-pleasures of town.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious parentage, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

The Eyes and the Tongue.—Men are born with two eyes but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and intrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen into nothing.

Advantages of Temperance.—Two glasses of gin every day at three half-pence a glass, costs £4. 11s. 3d. in a year, which would pay for a man's hat, 6s.; pair of men's stockings, 1s. 8d.; pair of women's ditto, 1s. 6d.; shift and muslin cap, 3s. 8d.; printed cotton gown, 5s. 6d.; man's cotton shirt, 4s.; pair of men's shoes, 8s. 6d.; pair of women's ditto, 4s.; fustian trousers lined, 7s. 6d.; pair of cotton sheets, 6s.; making £4. 11s. 3d.

Home.—It is a good thing and wise, to be able, with a few books and a little needle-work, to give any room, however strange and desolate, a look of home; to be able to pursue our usual employment any where at a moment's notice; and a blessing beyond wealth, beyond beauty, or even beyond talent, is that cheerful temperament, which can rejoice in the sunshine, yet be merry in the shade; which can delight in the birds singing in spring, yet solace itself with the heart's own music, when winter is at hand.—*Mc'Chellan.*

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.

Angelic youth! at whose blest birth
Bright quires of heavenly Spirits thronged;
How great the day which gave to earth
A treasure that to heaven belonged!

Oh happy youth! from thy first hour
Thy steps were e'er on holy ground,
Thou ne'er didst feel the Demon's power,
Nor feared his legions raging round.

A guileless tongue, and gentle heart,
Unstained by sin, to thee were given;
With things of earth thou hadst no part,
For all thy thoughts were fix'd on heaven.

Patron of youth! thou too hast known
The dangers that beset our path,
We cannot safely walk alone,
But thy sweet name protection hath.

From dewy morn till evening fair,
From Vespers' toll to break of day,
Our enemies their toils prepare,
And seek to make our souls their prey.

Oh be our guide! for thou wert pure,
And we are stained with many a sin;
Without, life's ills we scarce endure;
Alas! how cold and dark within!

Life's morn is past, the sky grows dark,
And clouds forebode a troubled sea,
The waves are swelling round our bark,
It may not speed unblest by thee.

Thro' Christ's sweet love, oh pray for those
For whom He died upon the tree;
Thro' love thy soul has gained repose,
Thro' love we hope to follow thee!

H. W.

Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, 1844.

* Some such thoughts must have come early into my mind, in trying my pencil on the ruins of an ancient abbey; and when, afterwards within the *kirk*, I looked to the rafters, as of a barn, and saw the swallows flying about during divine service.

Biography.

MARIA THERESA, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Maria Theresa, empress-queen of Bohemia and Hungary, was the daughter of the Emperor Charles VI., who, losing his only son, constituted her the heiress of his dominions. She was born in 1717; and at the age of nineteen, married Francis of Lorraine, and on the death of her father in 1740, ascended the throne. No sooner had she attained that envied, though dangerous situation, than the neighbouring princes invaded her dominions on all sides; and she being no longer in safety at Vienna, fled for protection to her Hungarian subjects. She assembled the states, and presenting herself before them with her infant in her arms, addressed them in Latin in the following memorable words:—"Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my enemies, attacked by my nearest relations, I have no other resource than in your fidelity, in your courage, and my own constancy. I commit to your care the son of your kings, who has no other safety than your protection." At the spectacle of the beauty and distress of their young queen, the Hungarians, a warlike people, drew their swords, and exclaimed as with one voice—"We will die for our queen Maria Theresa!" An army was assembled; and the queen, who had two powerful supports in her rare talents, and the love of her people, recovered several important places; the kings of England and Sardinia espoused her cause; and after eight years' war, Maria Theresa was confirmed in her rights by the peace signed in 1748. She then directed her attention to repairing the evils which war had occasioned, the arts were encouraged, and commerce extended. The ports of Trieste and Fiurm opened to all nations, and Leghorn extended her commerce to the Levant and East Indies. The city of Vienna was enlarged and embellished; and manufactures of cloth, porcelain, silks, &c. established in its vast suburbs. To encourage science, the empress erected universities and colleges throughout her dominions, one of which at Vienna bears her name.—She founded schools for drawing, sculpture, and architecture; formed public libraries at Prague and Inspruck; and raised magnificent observatories at Vienna, Gratz, and Tyrnau. Her cares were extended over every class of her subjects; the wounded, old, and infirm soldiers, found asylums in convenient and healthy hospitals; the widows of officers, and the daughters of indigent nobles, were provided with resources in establishments formed for their reception.—But in 1756, the torch of war was again kindled, and was inextinguished till 1763, when the treaty of Hubertsbourgh placed the affairs of Germany on nearly the same footing as before the war: the only advantage Maria Theresa reaped, was electing her son Joseph king of the Romans, in 1764.—The next year she experienced a great domestic misfortune in the loss of her husband, to whom she had been tenderly attached; the mourning she assumed was never laid aside during her life; and she founded at Inspruck a chapter of nuns, whose office was to pray for the repose of the soul of this beloved husband. Vienna beheld her every month water with her tears the tomb of this prince, who for thirty years had been her support and adviser.

In 1772, she entered into a convention with the king of Prussia and empress of Russia, to dismember Poland; and in 1779, augmented her states by a small portion of Bavaria.

After a long and glorious reign, after having beheld her eight children seated on the thrones, or united to the monarchs of some of the most flourishing states of Europe, and after having merited the title of Mother of her Country, Maria Theresa descended to the tomb in 1780. Her last moments were employed in shedding benefits upon the poor and orphans; and the following were some of the last words she uttered: "The state in which you now behold me," said she to her son, "is the termination of what is called power and grandeur. During a long and painful reign of 40 years, I have loved and sought after truth; I may have been mistaken in my choice, my intentions may have been ill understood, and worse executed; but He who knows all, has seen the purity of my intentions; and the tranquillity I now enjoy is the first pledge of His acceptance, and emboldens me to hope for more." "One of the most consoling thoughts on my death-bed," said she, "is, that I have never closed my heart to the cry of misfortune."—At the age of fourteen, Maria Theresa was introduced to the council-room of Charles VI.; as she was constantly demanding favours for others, the emperor said to her one day, "I see you will only wish to reign for the sake of doing good." "That is the only way," she replied, "to support the weight of a crown." Every day of her reign was marked by some act of benevolence. One day, having perceived a soldier who was on duty to be ill, she ordered him to be relieved instantly, and conducted in one of her carriages to the hospital. They informed her, that his illness was only occasioned by poverty, and grief for his separation from his mother, whose distress he was no longer able to alleviate by his daily labour. The empress sent into Moravia, a distance of forty leagues, to fetch his mother: "I have the pleasure," said she, "myself, to re-unite you to a son, by whom you are so tenderly beloved, and who must be equally dear to you. I will bestow on you a pension to supply the deficiency of his labour, and hope that your mutual affection may remain undiminished. "These," said she, "are my recreations."—Without any other guard than the love of her subjects, she was accessible to the humblest of her people: "I am only a poor labourer," said a Bohemian peasant, "but I can speak to our good queen whenever I please, and she listens to me as though I were a lord." One day the empress, on returning to her palace, beheld a woman and two children following her, and found that hunger had forced them from their cottage, to endeavour to obtain charity. "What have I done," said the queen, "that such a misfortune should happen in my sight?" She gave them instant relief, and ordering her own dinner to be brought to them, exclaimed, "They are my children, ought they to be reduced to beg?" Shortly after the death of her husband, she had her own coffin made, and worked in secret at her funeral garments, and it was in this dress she was buried. The author of "Anecdotes of Frederic the Great," draws the character of Maria Theresa in nearly the following terms: "She was the greatest princess and the most amiable woman of her age: her judgment was as excellent as her heart; she was formed by nature alone; without having studied languages by principle, the quickness of her judgment always presented her with the most proper expression. Few women, few ministers indeed, have possessed that quick perception, which enabled her instantly to appreciate what was proposed. But this advantage was not the only one Maria Theresa possessed. Her figure, one of the most beautiful of forms, breathed candour and goodness. She heard every one without having prepared with her ministers an answer, but formed it from the discourse addressed to her,—a discourse, to which she bestowed all her attention;—no evasions, no deceitful promises; a gracious refusal, or a speedy favour."

"The faults of this princess," said Rulhiere, in his history of the anarchy of Poland, "were for the most part an excess of virtue. Rather too prodigal of her benefits, and too ready to bestow her confidence to those whose attachment might have been suspected; a slight propensity to indiscretion, from having nothing in her own breast to conceal, and too scrupulous an attachment to the rules of justice, even in politics." She apparently surmounted this defect in the division of Poland in 1772, when her piety and sense of justice, however sincere, gave way to the aggrandisement of her dominions. M.

VARIETIES.

Use of Agitation.—I love clamour when there is an abuse. The alarm-bell disturbs the inhabitants, but saves them being burnt in their beds.—*Burke.*

It is with narrow-souled persons, as it is with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it out.

Recipe for Good Humour.—Rise betimes in the morning and go early to rest, that the body may be preserved in health; let your first reflection be, how short are the hours before you—if devoted to business, study social enjoyment, or other rational recreation, and then find time, if you can, to indulge in spleen and ill-humour.

It is stated by the *Medical Times*, that a Mr. Peppercorn has cured several cases of severe burns of the hand by the application of a single layer of lint soaked in a saturated solution of carbonate of soda.

Women.—A handsome woman pleases the eyes, a good woman pleases the heart; the one is merely a jewel, the other a treasure.

Flattery.—A philosopher being asked what animal he thought most hurtful, replied, "That of wild creatures, a tyrant; and of tame ones, a flatterer."

The Value of a good Excuse.—A young gentleman having broken his appointment with Dr. Franklin, waited on him the following day, and made a very handsome apology for his absence. He was proceeding, when the Doctor stopped him with—"My good boy, say no more; you have said too much already, for the man who is so good at making an excuse, is seldom good at any thing else."

LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

[Continued from page 17.]

LETTER III.

Belgium, ——— 1842.

I MUST now tell you something about our clergymen. I dare say you know that the Head of the Roman Catholic Church is the Pope. Every clergyman all over the world is under his spiritual government. Whether in America, or in India, or in New South Wales, or in England, or in Ireland, or in France, every Roman Catholic clergyman, whether bishop, or rector, or tutor in a college, or doctor in a university, is governed by the Pope, and takes upon himself the vow of submission to him at his ordination. To assist him in so great a work, he has many very learned men called cardinals, living in Rome with him; and in every country certain powers belong to bishops, for the government of the clergy in their own diocese. In countries where the bishops are free to exercise all the powers the church gives to them, and to govern according to her laws, the good order and wise management are beautiful, very beautiful. In Belgium, since Leopold has reigned, they have this liberty; and it is delightful to watch from year to year the progress which each diocese is making in spiritual improvement. The bishops of Belgium meet every year to consult upon the best measures to be adopted in each diocese; some of these measures are adopted in every diocese, and some are found useful only for such and such a diocese. Each bishop has a college near his palace, where the young men who offer themselves for the church are educated; and no others are admitted. It is one of the bishop's duties to become acquainted with the character, talents, and general disposition of these ecclesiastical students, and to keep notes of every such person's general inclinations, &c. These young men are trained most carefully to the exercise of prayer, and their conduct guarded by the gentlest but most exact vigilance. Their studies are superintended by professors who have been educated in the same holy seclusion, and who have never mixed in worldly society. On certain days in the week they are allowed to walk out, but never out of town alone; always one companion or two with them, and they must frequently change their companions, they may not go out often with the same. Their time is well filled up with study, which is varied so as not to weary. Their food is chosen so as to contribute to health, and sufficient time given to each meal, to render it agreeable. They wear the clerical dress, as a means of accustoming them to the sanctity of conduct required of a priest. They come home to their families twice every year, their long vacation being in August and September. It is at these times that we see them, and are able to judge of the excellence of their education, by their holy though cheerful manners: our cure's brother was one of these. No dinner party is merrier than where two or three young collegians are present, with their college stories, and songs, and comic anecdotes. Yet all so discreet, and modest, and well chosen, that were their bishop present he would see nothing to blame. When the time comes for them to become priests, they have seen sufficient of the holy life they must henceforth lead, to know whether they find it suitable to them. They have also the judgment of their superiors, their confessors, their tutors, and bishops, to appeal to, who, if they have remarked any thing during their long sojourn with them, to render it doubtful whether they are suitable for the priesthood, never fail to advise them to choose some other occupation, and such advice is almost a law with them. But if they find themselves approved on all hands, and by their own conscience also, they offer themselves as candidates for the sacred profession, and are ordained.

Another of a bishop's duties is to become acquainted, as far as possible, with all the parishes of his diocese; and with their situations in regard to each other. The general customs and occupations of the inhabitants, &c. so that when he has a young priest to place, he may choose for him a parish suitable to him. The first thing he attends to, is the spiritual good of the parish to which he sends him; the second, the comfort and happiness of the individual. The first he endeavours to attain by sending him to a parish, in which by natural disposition temper, health, &c. he is likely to do most good. If it is a parish which, by local circumstances, such as being a sea-port, &c., the inhabitants are much tempted to great sins, he chooses a man of a strong mind and body, and one of a courageous enterprising spirit. If it be a quiet village sheltered from temptation, and long accustomed to see and know only its own holy customs, the bishop sends a man of a retired mind, gentle and meek; who will daily live among his holy villagers, himself their example and companion in their still heavenly life. When he comes into his office, he is surrounded by neighbouring clergymen, who guide and watch over him, and report his conduct to the bishop. If he is found in all respects suitable to the parish chosen for him, he generally remains for life; unless he wish himself to make a change, which is rarely found to be the case, as obedience to the will of God in selecting for them by their superiors, is generally considered by Roman Catholic priests a sufficient reason for being content. If any reason exists for changing them, however, they hold themselves ever ready to go at a moment's notice: "For God and the Church" is a priest's motto, and he stands ever ready to act up to it.

The second thing attended to by the bishops, is the temporal comfort of the individual. This he consults by sending him, if other things render it convenient, near his native town or village, that he may have the comfort of being near his family. The bishops are most tender-hearted towards their clergy in all such things as do not oppose the good of the church. I know a vicar whom he has just sent into a parish where a favourite old aunt lived. They are at liberty to consult him on the most trivial occasions, and all call him their good father.

Every year they are called to the examination, as it is called. This is a strict inquiry as to their studies, which they are never allowed to lay aside; they must ever keep up their college studies; and to aid them in doing this, monthly conferences are held, consisting of little bands of neighbouring clergymen, six or eight or so,

who meet at each other's houses on a fixed day, and confer together on certain points given at the previous meeting. They meet at ten in the morning and remain together till three or four; the strictest rules are observed; no conversation allowed except on the subject of the meeting, and while they take refreshment, each reads the bible or some spiritual book to the others: the bishop has a report made to him of these studies.

Thus the working clergy are constantly in communication with their bishop, and he is able to judge exactly whether each and every one of them is doing his duty. Besides their bishop, the clergy of every diocese has a certain number of deans, to each of whom is given the superintendance of several parishes; his charge is, among other duties, to visit every parish in his deanery at stated times; at these visitations he is to examine the children, poor and rich; none are excused from attending in their parish church. Here they are strictly examined to see whether their pastor has duly taught them in the catechism, which he is bound to do twice a week in the smallest parishes, and oftener in larger ones; the dean has also to examine the vessels used in the service of the most holy sacrament: also the priests' officiating vestments, the altars, altar-cloths, baptistries, &c. &c. If any parishioner has any complaint to make of the pastor, or any redress to seek, he is to go into the sacristry, and speak to the dean about it. These are some of the duties of a dean.

Clergy thus watched over could have little opportunity of doing wrong if they had the inclination; but trained as they are previously to undertaking the sacred office of priest, they are by habit and inclination holy and devoted men; they are consecrated to God, and for him they spend and are spent: every thing tends to heighten and encourage this fervency of spirit, as you will be assured when I tell you how a Roman Catholic clergyman passes his time. First, he is *bound* to recite every day the office of the breviary. This is a service from which your church has taken her daily service, and is, therefore, much upon the same plan: that is, it consists of parts of the psalms, and chapters of the bible, with other spiritual reading, with hymns and collects, and other very deeply devotional exercises; altogether occupying two hours of every day, which he may divide as he pleases; and he has to keep strict watch over himself, lest his attention should wander, as he may not recite one psalm in a careless thoughtless manner. His duty is to *pray*, and he *must* pray; he must pray for the church in general, he must pray for his own flock, and he must pray for his own soul; and he has to give account to his confessor of the manner of reciting his daily office: he frequently goes into the church to perform this serious duty, frequently rising long before day for this purpose. His next sacred duty is the celebrating the death and passion of Christ as a sacrifice, and receiving the holy sacrament *every* morning fasting. You must feel how this tends to solemnize his mind, and keep him holy in life and fervent in devotion, in order to prepare himself duly for so great a solemnity. He gives time to private meditation before the service begins, either with his bible or some spiritual book. He must also keep his mind retired, and in rest; and he will rarely see any visitor, or be consulted on any business before holy communion. His next duty is to read some portion of the holy scriptures daily. And his other duties extend to hearing confessions, administering the holy sacrament daily to any who choose to receive it, visiting the sick, staying with the dying, catechising the young, and keeping up his studies. Thus his time is well filled up, but not slavishly so; he is encouraged by his church to take recreation, and to take it heartily, and after so many solemn duties well and earnestly performed, no creature on earth is better fitted for cheerful enjoyment of chosen society, than a Catholic priest. Their general society is among each other, and as in Belgium the dinner hour is twelve, a small dinner party pleasantly divides their day. This consists of three or six or more as it may be, from which their parishioners also are by no means excluded, and very pleasant meetings are those at the dinner table of a priest; the greatest neatness is observed, luxury is alone excluded. I never heard any thing of mirth so real as theirs, so genuine, so heartfelt, so truly proving that peace within, which God has promised to those who give him their heart. Their hospitality is unbounded, every one is welcome to share their hearth and home; and every one will find something prepared for his amusement, according to his age and taste. For children a store of sweetmeats, or pictures, or toys, are always at hand, and games of puzzles, and boxes of building materials; for grown-up children, tricking images which set off in a row nodding their heads at you, or old grinning men who start up out of boxes, or little infant Jesus's who clasp their hands and close their eyes and pray; for school boys and girls, story-books or books for study, or of history; for dear friends handsome volumes, or maps, or something equally worth accepting. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the maxim universally followed.—*(To be continued.)*

Napoleon's Heart.—The Globe tells the following strange story:—"When Buonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of that wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin full of water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, he felt nervously anxious as custodier of such a deposit. In the middle of the night, he heard, first, a rustling noise, then a plunge amongst the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor, all occurring with the quickness of a thought. Dr. N—— sprang from his bed, and the cause of his disturbed repose was soon explained. It was an enormous rat, dragging the heart of Buonaparte to its hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Cæsar stopping a beer-barrel; it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat."

Flowers of Eloquence.—"Mr. Speaker," said a distinguished Orator in a western legislature of America. "I have been accused of vacillation in my political principles!—me vacillate!—me, who first drew the breath of life beneath the gigantic foliage of the forest oak!—who was cradled in an earthquake, and suckled by the Missisippi!—me, whose playthings in childhood were the bear and the alligator; and who, in maturer years, delighted to grapple with the furious torrent as it rushed wild and headlong from its mountain home; and to sport with the tornado and the double-engine steam-boat! Me vacillate! Mr. Speaker; the idea is preposterous!"